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LA PUCELLE;  
OR,  
THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

FROM  
THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

---

*The SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, and FIFTH CANTOS.*

---

..... *Non illa colo, calathifve Minervæ  
Femineas adsueta manus, sed prælia virgo  
Dura pati .....*

VIRGIL.

---

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51



L A P U C E L L E

OR

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

BY

THE FRENCH NOVELIST

AND

BY

OF

THE

OF



P R E F A C E.

THE Translator of the following Cantos, when he published the first as a specimen, not knowing that a translation of the same, by another hand, had appeared a few years before (which at least took from the novelty of the attempt), and not foreseeing the disadvantages which his little performance was doomed to experience from a languid publication of it during the dog-days, cannot be induced to consider it as having undergone that test he was so ambitious of, and pledged himself to acquiesce in; but feels himself under the necessity of once more addressing the Guardians of the public taste and the public morals, and soliciting their indulgence towards such a portion of the work as will enable them more fully to decide upon its merits, and which, thus decided on, will leave the Translator no shadow of a plea, for either not suppressing, or not prosecuting his design of giving the remainder to the Public.

MARCH 29, 1786.



P R E F A C E

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E R R A T U M.

Page 19, line 10, for *Joel's* read *Joel's*

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MARCH 1824



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T H E  
M A I D   O F   O R L E A N S.

*T H E   S E C O N D   C A N T O.*

---

The Saint arms Joan from top to toe;  
Together then to Tours they go  
To seek the King where he abode:  
What Joan atchiev'd upon the road:  
And how her Maidenhead was tried,  
Admitted of, and certified.

---

**H**APPY a hundred fold the swain  
Who can a maidenhead obtain!

Great blessing! but a greater much  
I deem the skill a heart to touch,  
And, all responsive, bid it move  
In soft accord of mutual love!  
For under heav'n if perfect bliss  
Has any residence, 'tis this.

B

The



The virgin rose with finger rude,  
Ah! what avails it, harsh and crude  
From the tenacious stalk to pull,  
Which 'tis for love alone to cull;  
Whose touch the yielding flowret meets  
Opening the bosom of it's sweets.  
Yet with their glosses this plain text  
Your learned casuists have perplexed,  
Who hold that pleasure is too free  
With duty's rigour to agree:  
But, to correct this gross abuse,  
A thund'ring volume I'll produce;  
To prove that virtue but requires  
A regulation of desires;  
That duty, and a well-spent life  
With pleasure never are at strife:  
But rather that they are such friends,  
That all her worth on them depends.  
I know St. Denis from the skies  
Will bless the noble enterprise;

And



And will, in gratitude, his poet  
Support and aid him to go through it.  
Mean while my readers I'll acquaint  
How sped th' adventure of the Saint.

Where, near the borders of Champagne,  
By many a blazon'd post Lorraine  
Is mark'd, there stands an ancient town,  
But heretofore of small renown ;  
Tho' now the brightness of her glory  
Merit the rank it bears in story.  
For thence proceeded the salvation  
Of France's lilies and her nation.  
To celebrate Dom-Remy's praise  
Let all the nine unite their lays ;  
And hand her down from age to age,  
Immortal in the tuneful page.  
Dom-Remy, tho' the steril soil  
With no rich produce pay thy toil ;  
No citron groves, no golden mines ;  
No grapes which bleed with costly wines ;



Yet treasures greater far than those  
To thee the Gallick nation owes,  
Joan's birth-place owes, for there her fight  
Drank the first vital beam of light.  
Up to a parson of the place,  
A quondam monk, her fire they trace ;  
Bed, board, and pray'r, where'er he came  
Confess'd the fervor of his flame :  
Nor lack'd his zealous labour fruits,  
In furnishing for heav'n recruits.  
A strapping chambermaid, we're told,  
Was the supremely favour'd mould  
Through which the holy fusion past,  
This charming Amazon to cast,  
The fury of whose vengeful steel  
The conq'ring Britons learn'd to feel.  
And now her memoirs to begin,  
At Vaucouleur's most sorry inn,  
Tending a stable at sixteen,  
The fair adventurer is seen ;

And



And e'en already had her name  
Fill'd all the Canton with it's fame :  
Tho' boldness clothe her daring brow,  
Ingenuous modesty's seen through ;  
Her front displays two sparkling eyes,  
For blackness not less fam'd than size ;  
Whilst to contrast the shining jet,  
Of two and thirty teeth a set  
In pearl-white corresponding rows,  
Pride of the mouth ! her lips disclose,  
Those vermil lacings of that breach  
Which seems from ear to ear to reach,  
And yet where rose bud freshness dwells  
In ev'ry charm that pouts and swells.  
Her bubbies brown, but firm as rock,  
Tempt the cockade, the robe, and frock ;  
For nimbleness she yields to none,  
Which by her strength is still outdone ;  
The flaggons which she daily scours  
Proclaim the wine she draws and pours,



And yet, untir'd to every call  
Of customers she waits on all,  
From the mechanick to the peer,  
'Tis, "coming sir," and "Joan is here."  
If it should chance, that in the streets  
Some rash impertinent she meets,  
To feel her naked neck or thigh  
That swells provoking to the eye,  
Whose hand with indiscretion strays,  
Her fist the insolence repays ;  
Cheerful she works, and to deceive,  
Her labour, laughs from morn till eve :  
Through the groom's part alike she hurries,  
The horses waters, feeds, and curries ;  
And on their backs, without a saddle,  
Mounts with a Roman foldier's straddle.

O! depth unfathom'd! Pow'r divine!  
Supreme Intelligence, 'tis thine

The



The pride of greatness to confound,  
And raise the lowly from the ground :  
For what, short-sighted mortals ! we  
Call mighty, is but small with thee ;  
And what, as little, we despise,  
Finds estimation in thy eyes.  
Thy servant Denis, when he went  
Upon his heav'nly mission bent,  
Pray'd entrance at no palace gate  
Where Princeesses are mew'd in state ;  
To knock, and wait, 'twas vain he knew,  
My Lady Dutcheſſes, on you :  
No, Denis took another road  
To find virginity's abode,  
Call'd at a paltry inn and fought it,  
And seeking found ; who could have thought it ?  
'Twas time th' apoſtle ſhould with Joan  
Be quick, and leave unturn'd no ſtone,  
The publick elſe 'twixt rack and manger  
Had ſuffer'd the extreme of danger,



Satan being ever on the watch  
His opportunities to catch ;  
For had the faint, upon his way  
Arriv'd, from unforeseen delay,  
A moment later than he did,  
To France good night you might have bid.  
A Cordelier (the prince of sin  
Would have it so) at this same inn  
Then lodg'd, Roc Grisbourdon by name,  
With Chandos who from England came,  
By Joan's soft beauties was he mov'd,  
Whom as his country dear he lov'd ;  
Of his fraternity the flow'r,  
He had a mission for each hour ;  
Was preacher, confessor, and spy,  
And deeply read in sorcery,  
An adept in that mystic lore  
In Egypt so renown'd of yore  
By Persian Magi so esteem'd,  
Of which so high the Hebrews deem'd,

The



The boast of every antient sage,  
But lost in this degen'rate age.

As o'er his caballistic books  
Intent the am'rous conj'rer looks,  
He starts to find he had to moan  
His country's enemy in Joan ;  
That she between her virgin thighs  
The French and English destinies  
Beneath short petticoats conceal'd,  
To none but Magic's eye reveal'd :  
Encourag'd by his mystick pow'r,  
He by his order's cincture swore,  
By all that's good, by all that's evil,  
Swore by St. Francis, and the devil,  
That Joan should to his will incline ;  
“ Then, when the fair Palladium's mine,  
“ I shall have means,” says he, “ to crown  
“ My country's wishes, and my own.”

D

A clown



A clown unletter'd, to the maid  
Just then his blunt addresses paid,  
Prepar'd to vindicate his suit,  
And the illustrious palm dispute ;  
A match for any cordelier !  
For know he was a muleteer,  
Whose constant study and delight  
It was, at morn, at noon and night,  
By ceaseless services to prove  
His ardour, his excess of love.  
Occasion sweet, and like condition,  
Allow no room for competition,  
But o'er the damsel soon prevail,  
And in his favour turn the scale ;  
Yet though she lov'd him, maiden shame  
Still triumph'd o'er her growing flame,  
Which in intelligible rays  
Out at her tell-tale eyes would blaze ;  
Distinctly, in whose ev'ry roll,  
The very bottom of the soul



The monk could read, and saw, more clear

Than she, what love had written there.

To seek his rival then he posted,

Whom thus he plausibly accosted :

“ Puissant hero ! whose vast sway

“ So many subject mules obey ;

“ No doubt, illustrious chief, but you

“ Merit the maid, to have your due ;

“ But I, like you, have felt love’s dart,

“ To Joan devoted is my heart

“ Fervent as are your vows, then see

“ No mean competitor in me ;

“ Each other’s bugbear, ’tis for us

“ A madness to continue thus,

“ When setting rivalry aside,

“ We better might the spoil divide ;

“ This dainty tidbit, if we’re friends,

“ May serve to answer both our ends,

“ Which, if we still continue foes,

“ We, in disputing it, may lose.

“ Conduct



" Conduct me instant to the bed  
 " Where the lov'd fair reclines her head;  
 " I'll call that Demon to my aid,  
 " Whose poppies scatter'd o'er the maid,  
 " Shall wrap her beauties in a trance,  
 " And lock up ev'ry sense at once;  
 " Then o'er the maiden when asleep,  
 " We'll love's alternate vigils keep."

The Friar then his conj'ring book  
 Strait from his sacred girdle took;  
 Invok'd the Demon, which of yore,  
 The well-known name of Morpheus bore;  
 The Gallic nation to this day  
 Admits this heavy Demon's sway:  
 When advocates are hoarse with pleading,  
 And lectures on Cujacius reading,  
 Protracted to the morning hour,  
 The snoring audience feel his pow'r;

Constant



Constant at ev'ning sermons, where  
Young Massillons fatigue the ear  
With their divisions and citations,  
Their sense-perplexing explanations;  
With their three heads and poor pretence  
Of common-place-book eloquence,  
The sprite is often seen to nod,  
E'en in the very house of God:  
Frequenting theatres at nights,  
Where he invariably delights  
At lack of pathos, or of wit,  
To gape with critics in the pit.  
To car of ebon, thus invok'd,  
A pair of owls the Demon yok'd,  
And through the murky shades of night  
Slow rises gaping to the light;  
With his eyes shut he gropes about,  
His weight o'er Joan extending out,  
And breathing stupifies her breast  
With all the lethargy of rest;

baA

E

So



So Girard, lech'rous monk ! they say,  
Low at his feet whilst Cadiere lay  
All penitent, and in his ear  
Whisper'd her sins with many a tear,  
Insinuated vapours foul  
O'er her confession-melted soul :  
With swarms of devils teem'd the spell,  
And left behind a little hell.

Our two gallants, whilst tranc'd she lay,  
To anxious wakefulness a prey,  
And all impatient to begin  
The game, had stripp'd her to the skin ;  
But for first innings they apply  
To the decision of the die,  
At which upon her breast they play ;  
The forc'rer throws and wins the day,  
Whom well such fortune might betide,  
Having the devil on his side.  
Eager the monk now seiz'd upon  
The beauteous stake which he had won,

And



And was proceeding to the fact  
Of urging ownership's last act,  
When Joan miraculous revives,  
And Denis in the nick arrives.  
Heav'ns! how a finner quakes with fear,  
Let a saint's shadow but appear!  
Our rivals take them to their heels,  
Whilst each within his bosom feels  
The painful conflict 'twixt the will  
And terror of committing ill.  
Whoe'er at bawdy-house has been,  
Must there undoubtedly have seen,  
By midnight rioting alarm'd,  
With warrant, staff, and lanthorn arm'd,  
An officer to whom the nation  
Commits the peace's conversation,  
Hight Constable, break open doors,  
When a young nest of little whores,  
Half naked, and with fear half dead,  
In wild disorder leap from bed,



And scamp'ring into corners run,  
This dreadful magistrate to shun,  
Not less confusion or affright  
Impell'd our letchers to their flight.  
Ere scarcely breath the maid had ta'en,  
All trembling from th' attempt profane,  
Denis consolingly draws near,  
And thus becalms her ev'ry fear :  
" Vessel elect ! by thy pure hand,  
" On all th' oppressors of this land  
" Vengeance the King of kings to take,  
" The phial of his wrath shall shake ;  
" And drive, confusion in their train,  
" These bloody Britons home again :  
" Thus Heav'n ordains, whose breath has pow'r  
" The tree of Libanus to low'r,  
" And bid the reed from bed of mire  
" Up to the cedar's height aspire,  
" Has power old ocean's fount to drain,  
" And level mountains to a plain ;

Can



“ Can raze this universal frame,  
“ And on the ruins build the same.  
“ Thy steps with thunder shall resound,  
“ Terror shall compass thee around,  
“ And victory shall from on high  
“ To paths of glory point thine eye;  
“ Then be thy humble toils dismiss,  
“ Of heroes haste to swell the list :  
“ To my prophetic voice attend,  
“ And follow me thy guide and friend.

At this discourse so energetic,  
So terrible, and so pathetic !  
Above the academic style,  
Joan, almost petrified the while,  
Star'd, and agape all mouth appear'd,  
Thinking 'twas Heathen Greek she heard;  
When suddenly of grace a ray  
Darts through her mind resistless day :  
Till, inspiration all ! her frame  
So glows with the celestial flame,

F

That



That in her eyes are seen to roll  
The martial light'nings of her soul,  
And in her hero-kindled mien,  
No trace of menial Joan is seen :  
Thus with some churl 'tis known to fare  
Whom a rich miser makes his heir ;  
Chang'd to a palace is his cot,  
Chang'd are his manners with his lot ;  
The bashful look is thrown aside  
For superciliousness, and pride ;  
The great, surpriz'd, his state admire,  
The little, cringing, call him squire.

Now, that th' adventure might proceed  
With all imaginable speed,  
Denis and Joan without delay  
To church devoutly bend their way ;  
Where, on the highest altar rear'd,  
Of armour new a suit appear'd

To



To the astonish'd maiden's eye,  
Which from the arsenals on high,  
Where for the purpose it was wrought,  
Th' archangel Michael then had brought ;  
There many a story was pourtray'd,  
In sculpture rich, or gold inlaid,  
There foremost and in radiant sheen  
The helm of Deborah was seen ;  
The fate of Sisera the mail  
Next spoke, in Joel's vengeful nail ;  
In equal style, and order due,  
Next then succeeded to the view  
The stone, with which the shepherd swain  
Dash'd out the great Goliath's brain ;  
Then the jawbone of mighty note,  
With which his foes great Samson smote,  
Samson, when by his mistress sold,  
Whom no inglorious bonds could hold ;  
The blade then with which Judith, she  
Renown'd for sacred perfidy !

To



To whom a privilege was giv'n  
To murder and to whore by heav'n,  
E'en in enjoyments reeking bed  
Cut off her sleeping lover's head.  
Joan, lost in wild amaze, is now  
Arm'd cap-a-pee from top to toe,  
And moves a heroine to the fight,  
In panoply divinely bright,  
Whose formidable plate displays  
Nail, flint, jawbone, and all the blaze  
Of heav'n-engrav'd etceteras.  
Each step, each motion now she tries,  
And goes through all her exercise;  
To right, and left about she turns,  
Then marches, and for glory burns.

A heroine's of no account,  
Till she has got a horse to mount ;  
A courser unsupplied alone  
Was the appendage lack'd by Joan :



She therefore begs her only want  
The forr'wing muleteer would grant.  
When straight an afs in waiting stands  
A candidate for her commands;  
With such a skin! and such a bray!  
This so sonorous! that so gray!  
With saddle, and with bridle on,  
Array'd in full caparison;  
With all the tricks of the manege,  
Pawing the ground in martial rage,  
Like that which fires the Thracian steed,  
Or one of England's nobler breed.  
Wings from this afs's shoulders grew,  
With which the creature often flew:  
Thus Pegafus nine virgins bore  
Up to the cloven hill of yore;  
Or thus the hypogriff, who trying  
To reach up to the moon by flying,  
Set down Astolpho by the way,  
A visit to St. John to pay.

G

I know



I know my readers are agog  
To hear more of this wing'd incog.  
Who now solicits to be rode  
By Joan, ambitious of the load ;  
Be sure a future page shall show  
What they so curious are to know.  
Mean while let not this mystic afs  
Without due veneration pass.

Joan mounted on her Grizzle's back,  
And Denis on his sun-beam hack,  
Now seek the banks of Loire, to bring  
The hopes of vict'ry to the king :  
The afs now trots with gentle pace,  
Now cleaves sublime th' ethereal space,  
Asserts his pinions, and his race. }  
The Cordelier indulging still  
The means to gratify his will,



His late adventure now got o'er,  
Applies to forcery once more,  
And bids the muleteer to prove  
The station of the beast he drove ;  
Mounts on his back, and whips, and rides,  
Swearing, as still he spurs his sides,  
That nature's boundaries alone  
Shall stop him from pursuing Joan :  
The driver, in his mule conceal'd,  
No mortifying signs reveal'd,  
But thus accoutred, and thus mounted,  
Much of his better bargain counted,  
Who scarce the transmigration felt,  
Within a soul so grov'ling dwelt !  
The faint and maid now steer for Tours,  
Where the king, plung'd in his amours,  
The carnival of pleasure kept,  
And to the cares of empire slept :  
But, Orleans passing near, they light,  
And traverse Britain's camp by night,

Where



Where, after the immoderate use  
Of the rich grape's o'erpow'ring juice,  
Drench'd in excess the army lay,  
And slept their drunkenness away :  
Down from the leader of the host,  
E'en to the sentry on his post,  
They all were drunk as wine could make 'em,  
Nor drums, nor trumpets could awake 'em.  
Here one within his tent was found,  
Steaming quite naked on the ground ;  
Extended o'er his page, another  
Lay snoring in a drunken smother.  
Then Denis with paternal tone,  
And low, thus held discourse with Joan :  
" My child, that thou should'st know 'tis right,  
" How, as it might be now, by night,  
" With his Euryalus's aid,  
" Great havock daring Nifus made,  
" When nightly Turnus camp of yore  
" He crimson'd with Rutulian gore :

The



“ The tents of Rhesus let me tell  
“ How a like a dreadful fate befell ;  
“ What feats, by Tydeus warlike son,  
“ And sage of Ithaca, were done,  
“ Without the risque of danger running ;  
“ (Thanks to the force alone of cunning ;)   
“ When many a Trojan, in his bed  
“ Finding a grave untimely, bled.  
“ No less a victory for thee,  
“ The time alike, and place decree ;  
“ Speak then, and say, if thou incline  
“ To make the proffer'd glory thine?”

The maid replies, “ Unlearn'd am I

“ In this same thing call'd history ;  
“ Yet would I deem my courage small  
“ On such as cannot fight to fall ;  
“ With unheroic step to creep  
“ And murder folk who are asleep :”

This having said, among the tents  
The moonlight to her eye presents



One of more note, which seem'd to be  
That of some chief, or young marquis ;  
Such wines ! so many proofs appear  
Of luxury and costly cheer !  
Without a wherefore, or, a why,  
Joan seiz'd the ruins of a pie,  
Of which a sliver she devours,  
And after many a bumper pours,  
Which pledg'd in ev'ry brimming cup  
Good master Denis follow'd up,  
With equal number, equal joy,  
Altho' a faint, to *Vive le Roi*.

The tent was Chandos's, who then  
Slept like most other drunken men,  
But who, when sober, and awake,  
A lion by the beard would take :  
Joan seizes his redoubted blade,  
And breeches of cut velvet made.

Thus



Thus David, after God's own heart  
The man, perform'd a glorious part,  
Who, on a time, when Saul he'd got  
Into a corner, slew him not,  
But with his knife alone the skirt  
Cut off, of either coat or shirt ;  
A proof, your mighty ones to shew,  
Of what he might, but scorn'd to do.  
Hard by a stripling page appears,  
But ripe, and fledg'd beyond his years,  
Of which the boy had only seen  
The beardless number of fourteen ;  
Two globes behind attract the eyes,  
Of form voluptuous, and size,  
Which downy as his mother's dove,  
Had not disgrac'd the god of love :  
With writing furniture supplied  
An escritoir stood by his side,  
Whither the youth, by wine inspir'd,  
To woo the muses oft retir'd,

In



In tuneful lays when he addrest  
 The fair seducer of his breast.  
 Joan sketch'd with ink, in quaint design,  
 The arms of France below his chine,  
 A fundamental proof to be  
 Of the triumphant *fleurs de lys*;  
 Which such effect had on the saint,  
 That he, for joy, was like to faint.  
 But how was Chandos then surpriz'd,  
 Whom the next morn had soberiz'd!  
 Quite thunderstruck, and mad with rage,  
 He sees th' inscription on his page,  
 Which whisper'd to his boding mind,  
 That there was treason in the wind:  
 To seek his sword, the bed around  
 In vain he runs, no sword is found!  
 Still worse, alas! what shall he do?  
 Gone is his velvet breeches too!  
 He rubs, and rubs his eyes, to know  
 If yet he was awake or no;



Of wonder, and resentment full,  
Then stamps and roars like any bull;  
Persuaded, that o'er night old Nick  
Ent'ring the camp, had play'd this trick.  
Oh! for the beam which Denis strode,  
And winged as the virgin rode,  
How swift with such a pair of cattle  
A man around the world would rattle!  
With such advantage to befriend,  
They soon were at their journey's end:  
At court the prelate was aware  
How giv'n to raillery they are,  
To turn things sacred to a jest;  
Which his experience could attest:  
For Richmond's insolence of tongue  
Too fresh upon his mem'ry hung,  
To tempt him to expose again  
The saint to such a ribald vein;  
Then, for the credit of his cloth,  
Which Denis to expose was loth;

I.

Another



Another character he tries,  
 And takes old Baudricour's disguise,  
 A cath'lick stout, and gallant knight,  
 Who spoke his sentiments downright,  
 For truth and loyalty renown'd,  
 And yet at court maintain'd his ground.

Thus mask'd, he to the prince address'd  
 The honest feelings of his breast :

“ Heav'ns ! that to indolence a prey,

“ My prince should languish life away,

“ Shrunk from th' extent of his command

“ Into a corner of his land !

“ How long in love's disgraceful chain

“ A royal slave will you remain ;

“ Will not the hero's arm at length

“ Break through the spell that blasts its strength ?

“ Shame that the myrtle and the rose

“ Ingloriously should wreath your brows,

“ Form'd for the diadem's embrace,

“ Which laurels are at hand to grace ;

“ Whilst



" Whilst tame spectator you permit  
 " Your deadliest enemy to sit  
 " The proud usurper of your throne,  
 " And wear your abdicated crown!  
 " Go seek a grave to hide your shame,  
 " Or else, to vindicate your fame,  
 " To conquest go, and dare regain  
 " The ravish'd glories of your reign:  
 " That pow'r which now my courage fires,  
 " Whose voice my confidence inspires,  
 " By me now calls you to the field,  
 " And there from harm your life will shield,  
 " Your pious cares dispos'd to bless,  
 " And crown your valour with success.  
 " Be your own succour, dare to trust,  
 " Or let this Amazon august  
 " Direct your steps, and in her own  
 " Th' ally, the guardian of your throne;  
 " The King of Kings will by her pow'r  
 " Our laws, our government restore;



" Join you to rout this English brood,  
 " These sons of rapine and of blood.  
 " Rouse then, and if the fates decree  
 " That you must led by woman be,  
 " Be firm, be wise, renounce the one  
 " In whose soft arms you are undone,  
 " To follow this avenging maid,  
 " And prove you worthy of her aid."

A king of France, with all his vices,  
 To guard his honour very nice is,  
 A fund of which within his breast  
 Our lover unimpair'd possess'd;  
 No sooner had the vet'ran spoke  
 Than the legarthic spell was broke:  
 As when the last day from the sky,  
 The messenger of the Most High  
 Shall with his dreadful trumpet make  
 The corners of the earth to shake,  
 Shall burst the tomb, and bid the clay  
 Reanimated spring to day,

Charles



Charles starts, and glows with new alarms,  
 Replies not, but, To arms! to arms!  
 War only now affords delight,  
 His lance he takes, and burns for fight.

But, the first fit of frenzy over,  
 He wishes coolly to discover  
 Whether the fierce advent'rous dame  
 From heav'n or hell commission'd came:  
 If as a miracle, or cheat,  
 This new-come champion he should treat:  
 Then, turning to the haughty fair,  
 The king, with a majestick air,  
 And voice which would have with it's tone  
 Confounded any maid but Joan,  
 "Lift, on your peril, now declare,  
 "Joan, if a maid or not you are?"  
 To whom the maid, "Most gracious sire,  
 "If you a proof of it require,

K

"Your



"Your college of Physicians call,  
"And rouse Apothecary's Hall,  
"Bring pedants, clerks, and matrons round,  
"These female mysteries to sound,  
"Who, if the virgin test they know,  
"May turn me up and grope below :"  
The king no other proof requir'd  
That she was certainly inspir'd.

"But come," says he, "as you, my dear,  
"Are deeply gifted, let me hear,  
"Come speak out boldly, as you're bid,  
"What to my love last night I did?"  
"Why then, if out it must," says she,  
"Nothing, an't please your majesty."  
Unable to express his feeling,  
To crossing of himself, and kneeling  
The monarch falls, and all surprise,  
A miracle! he loudly cries.

The



The Faculty are now at hand,  
Waiting his majesty's command,  
A tribe of consequential prigs  
Swelt'ring beneath their muffs, and wigs,  
Come to determine on the maid,  
Who naked was before them laid;  
Whom when the President had ey'd,  
Into each hole, and corner pry'd,  
In attestation of the knowledge  
By him discover'd, and the College,  
And to record her virgin state,  
He signs the maid's certificate.  
Proud of the parchment which contain'd  
Proof of the honour she had gain'd,  
And now grown statelier in her paces,  
Joan wheeling round, the monarch faces;  
Her night-won trophy she displays,  
And dropping on her knees, she says,  
" Great master, suffer that this hand  
" May dare avenge thy groaning land,



" If thou approve, thy servant will  
 " The oracles divine fulfill;  
 " And for't my valour and the edge  
 " Of this good sword, I here will pledge,  
 " By which, and what is still more dear,  
 " By my virginity I swear,  
 " As Heav'n may keep it long unspoil'd,  
 " That thou at Rheims shalt soon be oil'd;  
 " That thou shalt scatter and confound  
 " Thy foes, which compass Orleans round:  
 " Hasten to accomplish fate's decree,  
 " Fly Tours, and let me follow thee."

A crowd of courtiers round her press,  
 Encourage her, admire, and bless;  
 And now to Heav'n, and now to Joan  
 Their eyes alternately are thrown:  
 From many a mouth, whene'er she speaks,  
 A shout of joy the welkin breaks,

Which



Which Echo catching from the throng,  
Is pleas'd officious to prolong.  
There's not a warrior of them all,  
In her defence who would not fall,  
Who would not emulous aspire  
To bear her lance and be her squire ;  
Nor is there one in all the crowd,  
Who would not equally be proud,  
The maid, of what with so much toil  
She hitherto had kept, to spoil.  
And now the officers one fees,  
Brisk, on the point to march, like bees,  
One, ere from quarters he remove,  
Hangs in sad farewell o'er his love ;  
To Cent per Cent his empty purse  
Another runs to reimburse ;  
This begs his host would not delay  
The reck'ning which he cannot pay.  
The standard then, which blaz'd with gold,  
Denis gives orders to unfold,

L

At



At sight of which the king is fir'd  
 With valour, as with hope inspir'd :  
 This ensign which unfolded glows  
 The pride of kings ! and dread of foes !  
 This warlike slaughter-breathing lass !  
 This wond'rous beast her winged ass !  
 All all conspire to fan the flame,  
 And promise palms of endless fame.

Denis, from what in mind was fresh

Of what he suffer'd in the flesh,

A charitable wish discovers

To spare the parting of the lovers ;

For, by experience, well he knew

The anguish of a last adieu :

What bitter tears it would have cost :

What precious moments had been lost !

Agnes, though late, indulg'd the pow'r

Of sleep beyond her usual hour ;

I Of



Of separation not a fear,  
To interrupt her rest, came near,  
But flatt'ring visions round her flew,  
Reviv'd old joys, and held out new:  
She thinks she holds within her arms  
The much-lov'd captive of her charms;  
Illusion all! the faint by force  
Compels him to a sad divorce:  
Some skill'd physician thus, in town,  
The pamper'd Alderman ties down  
To regimen of water gruel!  
Ah! how inexorably cruel!  
And still, judiciously severe,  
To each remonstrance bars his ear;  
The appetite rebels in vain,  
He still commands him to abstain  
From the green fat inviting treat,  
O'er which his glutton brethren sweat.

Scarce from his darling vice the king  
Denis had torn, than on the wing

To



To his virago ward he flies,  
His sweeting maid, without disguise  
His love, his counsel to impart,  
And pour before her all his heart;  
But first resumes his sacred air,  
His tone devout, and lank short hair,  
Staff, ring, and cross, a saint confest,  
In all his holy trappings drest!  
“Go then,” says he, “my charming maid,  
“Thy king, thy country claims thy aid:  
“Go prosper, for o’er all thy ways  
“My eye benign shall shed its rays:  
“But with the warrior laurel twine  
“Chaste virtue’s amaranth divine,  
“And let in thee, with union sweet,  
“The vestal and the heroine meet.  
“To Orleans I’ll thy footsteps guide,  
“Unseen will combat by thy side;  
“Whilst, leader of this miscreant train,  
“Talbot, inflated ev’ry vein

“With



“ With lust, shall think himself secure  
“ Of Madame Presidente impure ;  
“ E’en in enjoyments lap he shall  
“ Beneath thy arm victorious fall :  
“ Punish his crime, but thou avoid  
“ The guilt in him to be destroy’d ;  
“ Let piety an equal reign  
“ With courage in thy breast maintain.  
“ I go, adieu, but ere I seal  
“ My farewell kiss, forgive my zeal,  
“ If still I urge my first great care ;  
“ Mind—of thy maidenhead beware !”  
Joan swore her patron to obey,  
Whilst he to Heav’n retrac’d his way.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

M



"With last, shall think himself secure

"Of Madam's fondness; and

"Even in enjoyment, he shall

"Beneath thy arm victorious fall:

"Punish his crime, but thou avoid

"The guilt in him to be destroy'd:

"Let piety an equal right

"With courage in thy breast maintain.

"I go, adieu, but ere I feel

"My farewell kiss, forgive my zeal,

"If still I urge my first great care;

"Mind—of thy weakness beware!"

Joan swore her patron to obey,

While he to Heaven return'd his way.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.



T H E  
M A I D O F O R L E A N S.

T H E T H I R D C A N T O.

Which treats of FOLLY, mighty Queen,  
Her palace, and what there was seen :  
From Joan how Agnes takes her armour,  
And thus equipp'd pursues her charmer ;  
How she's made pris'ner by the way,  
Falling to lust a helpless prey,  
Which to no trifling ills exposes  
Her virtue, ere the Canto closes.  
Last follows hubbub and confusion ;  
A skirmish forming the conclusion.

**T**HIS is not all, to own the pow'r  
Of valour in the trying hour ;  
To boast a firm intrepid eye  
The thick of battle to defy,  
Dauntless to traverse heaps of slain,  
When death has crimson'd o'er the plain ;

A I

Or



Or skill'd in fighting fields, to boast  
 The conduct of a num'rous host :  
 For such advantages all climes  
 Alike enjoy at diff'rent times.  
 For who shall bold presume to say  
 If France superior skill display  
 In war to Britain ; or from Spain  
 If Germany the palm obtain ?  
 Since, in their turns, as we have seen,  
 Victors, and vanquish'd they have been :  
 Conde was beaten by Turenne,  
 And sometimes Villars by Eugene.  
 Did not that Quixote of the north,  
 That Mars of Kings, whose gen'rous worth  
 In Stanislaus' protection shone,  
 For prowess more than mortal known,  
 Find on Pultawa's fatal day  
 His former laurels fade away,  
 To his scorn'd rival doom'd to yield  
 The glory of the adverse field ?

A charming



A charming secret, in my mind,  
Would be the herd of human kind  
To dazzle, and, for that design  
T' assume a character divine,  
By which at will one might impose  
Upon the senses of the foes:  
For Rome, to whom all nations bow'd,  
To miracles her conquests ow'd;  
Heav'n all propitious, for her use,  
Was of its oracles profuse;  
Jove, Mars, and all the deities  
Who fill the synod of the skies,  
Were in their cause suppos'd to fight,  
And guide their victor Eagle's flight;  
Bacchus, that mighty conqu'ror who  
Laid Asia waste, Alcides too,  
And haughty Alexander strove  
To be esteem'd the sons of Jove,  
The easier to enforce their sway,  
And cause their subjects to obey:

N

Whilst



Whilst all the princes of the earth,  
In veneration of their birth,  
Prostrate were seen to fall before 'em,  
Aw'd by Jove's thunder to adore 'em.  
Denis requir'd no other cue  
Than such examples to pursue;  
Meaning that his same virgin Joan,  
Not deem'd a maid by him alone,  
Should with the English pass for such,  
Whose hardiest chiefs should think as much:  
That Bedford, Talbot, in this creed,  
Should with Tyrconnel be agreed,  
And that the same should be profess'd,  
By impious Chandos like the rest;  
Who should imagine in the maid,  
An arm divine they saw display'd,  
Of guilt the terror, and the bane  
Of ev'ry man and thing profane.  
This plan to aid then Denis chose  
A Benedictine, not of those

I

By



By whom, in France, of late, the trade  
 Of Booksellers have fortunes made,  
 But, fat with ignorance, a Prior,  
 Whose learning never mounted higher  
 Than to enable him to gabble  
 His Latin missal to the rabble;  
 Lourdis, illustrious wight, was meant  
 On the new voyage to be sent  
 Towards the moon, where erst the space  
 Yclep'd Fool's Paradise had place,  
 A region on the confines drear  
 Of that abyss unfathom'd, where  
 Before creation sprang to light,  
 Old Chaos, Erebus, and Night,  
 Sworn foes to order, and to day,  
 Maintain'd their blind despotic sway;  
 There lies a cavernous retreat,  
 Impervious or to light or heat;  
 Or pervious only to such light  
 As gleams to chill, mislead, affright,

That



That should the dubious beam pervade,  
 Horror more horrible is made.  
 For stars there jack o'th' lanthorn's glare,  
 And goblins people all the air.  
 Daughter of Ignorance her reign  
 Folly extends o'er this domain;  
 A child grey-bearded and squint-ey'd,  
 With mouth like Danchet's open wide;  
 A coral in whose heavy hand,  
 Marks, like a sceptre, her command.  
 Her foolish family in state  
 Around her throne collected wait;  
 Here Obstinacy, Pride, and there  
 Credulity, and Sloth appear.  
 Flatter'd, attended as she's seen,  
 You would indeed believe her Queen;  
 But a mock sov'reign only, she  
 A pow'rless phantom's found to be,  
 For all her councils are by fraud,  
 Her greedy minister, o'eraw'd

'Tis



'Tis his perfidious will is law,  
And she is merely his cat's-paw.  
At will she makes her court abound  
With your astrologers profound,  
Who ev'n in error, boast their skill,  
Dupe-gulling knaves, yet trusted still.  
You there can never fail to see  
Profest adepts in Alchymy,  
Makers of gold, and yet whose curse  
Is to possess an empty purse;  
Your Rosicrucians, and those fools  
Who stun the theologic schools.  
Thither fat Lourdis was to go,  
The Saint's deputed plenipo.  
What time the Queen of darkness had  
The Heav'ns in murkiest sable clad,  
Lourdis, on Sleep's soft bosom laid,  
Was to Fool's Paradise convey'd,  
Where ev'ry object met his eyes,  
Rather with pleasure than surprise:

O

For



For here no sooner was he come,  
Than he conceiv'd himself at home.  
The suit of pictures from on high  
Caught, as by sympathy, his eye,  
For Cacodemon's art, to grace  
This antique venerable place,  
Had, with his emblematic scrawls,  
Furnish'd the vast extent of walls;  
In never-fading fresco, where  
The follies of mankind appear:  
Blunders in groups, a social train,  
And whims, the fly-blows of the brain:  
Growing to maggots here one sees,  
Caprices too in swarms like bees;  
Absurdities all scatter'd thick,  
And here and there a hairbrain'd trick:  
With sketches from the life of many,  
An Ignoramus, and a Zany;

Schemes



Schemes under evil planets hatch'd,  
 In theory, as practice match'd,  
 Yet, in the monthly mercuries,  
 Extoll'd for merit to the skies.  
 Amidst this wonderful confusion  
 Of folly, madness, and delusion,  
 Where quick succeeding to the eyes,  
 Sots, buzzards, and impostors rise,  
 A haughty Scotchman, *Law* by name,  
 Superior notice seems to claim;  
 A paper crown adorns his head,  
 And *System* on its front is read:  
 Amidst large bales of wind he stands,  
 And deals them out with lib'ral hands;  
 His bounty no distinction knows,  
 On every comer he bestows:  
 In visions of enormous gain,  
 Priests, judges, bawds, their coffers drain.  
 What do I see! and is it you,  
 My gentle Escobar? Molina too!

I

With



With wheedling hard, and you Doucin!  
Who give to kiss a Bull divine,  
So bunglingly by Tellier fram'd,  
That Rome to own it was asham'd  
With all her front, and e'en profess,  
To turn it in her sleeve to jest.  
Yet hence those parties were supplied  
Which to this day the world divide;  
And, what is worse, those tomes profound  
With direr mischiefs which abound;  
Which Heresy's vile poisons fill  
Of cold narcotic power to kill.  
Lo! new Bellorophons, that night,  
Impetuous combatants for fight  
Upon Chimæras mounted go,  
And seek with blind fold rage the foe;  
Long catcalls serve them to inspire,  
By way of clarions, martial fire,  
And, in their pious frenzy's heat,  
On bladders blown their march they beat.

Heavens!



Heav'ns! what artillery they brought  
Along, with dread combustion fraught!  
What armour dire, what ammunition,  
In shape of mandate, disquisition,  
Folios in piles, and to supply 'em,  
A magazine of writings by 'em;  
Glosses gloss'd o'er again, for fear  
They might have unexplain'd been clear.  
Bard of Scamander's Heroes, thou  
Sage chronicler, who long ago,  
Embattled on the deathful plain  
Of frogs and mice hast tun'd the strain;  
Oh! couldst thou break death's iron sleep,  
Among us here to take a peep,  
And celebrate this war on earth,  
To which a papal bull gave birth.  
The Jansenist, to destiny  
Submissive slave who bends the knee!  
In whose heroic march we trace  
The hope forlorn of pow'rful grace,

P

With



With St. Augustin's form inlays,  
The glorious banner he displays :  
But yet unprofitably brave,  
He only fights a part to save.  
Lo ! in thick phalanx from afar,  
Curv'd in their seats to wait the war,  
The foes advance to the attack,  
Each mounted on an Abbé's back,  
Who yield their pliant bodies proud,  
In such a cause, of such a load.

Of war and civil broils no more,  
Your weak impieties give o'er ;  
Discord avaunt ! for peace make room !  
See the scene changes to a tomb,  
Which near St. Medard o'er the dead,  
Rears it's unornamented head ;  
In which enclos'd the Pow'r Divine,  
T'enlighten France, has fix'd its shrine :

Thither



Thither in crowds repair the blind,  
In hopes their long-lost sight to find;  
But disappointed of the day,  
Back to th' Immanuel grope their way.  
The lame comes cap'ring to the spot,  
In strength of faith his limbs forgot,  
And as repeated jigs he tries,  
His loud Hosannahs rend the skies;  
And yet, with all his faith and bawling,  
He cannot keep himself from falling,  
But homeward hobbles just the same,  
The crutch-supported wretch he came.  
All-list'ning see the deaf draw near;  
Listen they may, but never hear.  
The mob such miracles profess  
Exult impatient to attest,  
And, in an extacy of bliss,  
The shrine of holy Paris kiss.  
Lourdis absorb'd in one broad stare,  
His hands compress in silent pray'r,



For all this farce of faintly stuff,  
Lacks pow'r to thank his God enough;  
With idiot laugh admires the scenes,  
Yet knows not what the mumm'ry means.

A wise tribunal, lo disclos'd!  
Of prelates half, half monks compos'd;  
A set of holy men they are,  
Who fill th' inquisitorial chair:  
To sanctify whose every nod,  
Religion thinks, 'tis serving God,  
And, for the glory of the Lord,  
To arm whose state law lends her sword:  
A pair of monstrous scales they hold;  
One to contain extorted gold  
With blood and treasure running o'er  
Of penitents, which they devour;  
The other equally as full  
Of many a brief and many a bull,

Of



Of Agnus Deis, scarfs, and cowls,  
And Orisons of pious souls,  
Of Pater-nosters, Ave Marys,  
And all the priests vocabularies.  
Prostrate before this inquisition,  
See Galileo all contrition,  
Imploring grace for his offence,  
Th' enormous one, of having sense !

Ah ! Loudun's walls, what fire illumes ;  
The blazing pyre a priest consumes ;  
Poor Grandier ! whom for sorcery  
Twelve scoundrels have condemn'd to fry.

To wit how fatal France has been !  
Or Galigai we ne'er had seen  
Doom'd, with such talents, to expire  
In tortures of a brilliant fire ;

Q

A hellish



A hellish death denounc'd on her  
Charg'd of crim. con. with Lucifer.  
In the same neighbourhood I see  
That edict of authority  
To raise old Aristotle high,  
And use of vomits to decry.

Come, father Girard, well thy fame  
A sep'rate article may claim !  
All hail to thy delicious trade,  
Soother of grate-confessing maid !  
Of that young penitent the charms,  
Say, how dissolv'd they in thy arms ?  
Thy choice exploit I much admire,  
Passion sublim'd by nature's fire !  
Humanity feels no disgrace,  
No blush is rais'd on nature's face ;  
Humanity must plead thy cause,  
Nature, for violated laws,

Has



Has not those crimes to charge on thee  
Which blacken thy fraternity.  
What puzzles me is, how a share  
The dev'l could have in this affair.  
Of all who on thy trial fate,  
To weigh thy crimes, and fix thy fate,  
Who made thy charge, or thy defence,  
Judge, jury, council, evidence,  
Of whatsoever sect, I swear,  
In all the court no conj'rors were.  
Folly, great Goddess! thou from whom,  
So wond'rous fruitful is thy womb!  
Earth has receiv'd of mortals more  
Than e'er of gods Cybele bore:  
How pleas'd must that dull eye of thine  
Rest on this native land of mine,  
And see thy children in such swarms,  
Reflecting back their mother's charms!  
Fools who compile, and who translate,  
Fools who affect the author's state,

And



And not less fools, who take the pains  
 To read the produce of their brains.  
 Goddess, might I presume to ask,  
 O fall thy sons whose 'tis to bask  
 In the full sunshine of thy smile,  
 Most fam'd for flatness of his style,  
 Most giv'n to trip, and by his bray  
 The as at ev'ry turn betray;  
 Addicted like a snail to creep,  
 And the same jog-trot pace to keep?  
 But, who thy darling is, I see,  
 The Trevoux Journalist is he!

What time good Denis, holy man,  
 On high of that mysterious plan-  
 The secret train prepar'd to lay,  
 Which on the foe he meant to play;  
 Fate to another scene gave birth  
 Amongst the grandee fools on earth.

For



For Orleans Charles is on the road,  
His colours flying all abroad ;  
Joan clad in steel, and flush'd with pride  
Of vaunted conquest, by his side:  
The flow'r of chivalry ! gay band  
Of gallant knights, with lance in hand,  
The holy Amazon furround,  
And eye her with respect profound.  
At Fontevraux thus o'er the male  
The woman's pow'r you see prevail ;  
The sceptre there a lady sways,  
The monk, her blessing ask'd, obeys.  
Mean while, unable to discover  
The idol of her soul, her lover,  
Agnes, the poor forsaken fair,  
Becomes a prey to sad despair ;  
Her colour gone, a deadly cold  
Of every charm and sense lays hold.  
Friend Bonneau, always near displays  
Officious zeal a thousand ways,

R

Administ'ring



Administ'ring whate'er has pow'r  
The fleeting spirit to restore:  
Nor is his zealous service vain,  
She opes her lovely eyes again;  
But not as when their piercing rays  
Were wont to fascinate the gaze:  
The fun of beauty but appears  
As soon as ris'n to set in tears.  
Then leaning with dejected air  
On Bonneau thus laments the fair:  
'Tis past! and I unhappy maid,  
By perjur'd man, alas betray'd!  
Oh! whither is the traitor bent,  
What road is his, and what intent?  
What oaths he swore, by which was won,  
My yielding heart, and fame undone!  
And must I stretch'd in bed alone,  
Without my lover, lie and moan,  
Whilst Joan, that hardier, happier she,  
No foe to England, but to me,

I

Employs



Employs her malice with success,  
'Gainst me my love to prepossess.  
Gods! how I hate these savage creatures,  
Disguis'd in soul as well as features;  
Your cavaliers in petticoats,  
Your candidates for cutting throats,  
Affecting man's heroic pow'rs,  
Without a single charm of ours;  
Who, woman's boast! have never found  
Our softer surer way to wound:  
Both sexes aping, yet of neither,  
Having sufficient to be either.  
With that she weeps, sighs, blushes, burns;  
Love, shame, resentment, grief by turns,  
And flashing jealousy supplies  
A wilder lightning to her eyes.  
But Love's invention in a trice  
Hatch'd in her brain a new device;  
To Orleans now her journey bending,  
Alice and Bonneau still attending.

Agnes



Agnes to bait, it came to pass,  
Stops where, but now, the martial lass,  
By her hard journey sorely shaken,  
Had to repose herself betaken.

Agnes lies still, till not a mouse  
Was heard to stir in all the house,  
And fishing where the heroine slept,  
And where mean while her arms were kept,  
Into her chamber like a sprite,  
She glides unheard at dead of night,  
There enter'd, on her lovely thighs  
John Chandos' breeches first she ties ;  
In strict embrace her swelling breasts  
The weighty cuirass next invests ;  
And all her limbs are taught to feel  
The bruises of the martial steel :  
Whilst Bonneau with his timely aid  
Supports the mail-encumber'd maid,  
Who, whilst her tott'ring form he stays,  
Thus in a gentle accent, says,

O Love!



" O Love ! that dost my soul command,  
" Give firmness to this trembling hand ;  
" Great pow'r ! enable me to bear  
" This massy armour which I wear :  
" To move the author of my pain,  
" Nor let this weight be borne in vain.  
" Pants for an Amazon his heart ?  
" Thou giv'st me to sustain the part :  
" To fight, nor let me be denied,  
" For ever present by his side.  
" And oh ! should in the battle's strife,  
" The arrowy shower threat his life,  
" Let this sad head receive it ll,a  
" Falling let me prevent his fall ;  
" Happy and heav'ns peculiar care  
" That he may live is all my pray'r ;  
" And let me die supremely blest,  
" Belov'd and folded to his breast."  
Whilst arm'd by Bonneau this she said,  
Her Charly was a league a-head.

S.

Agnes.



Agnes, to seek her soul's delight,  
Resolves to move that very night:  
Determin'd thus to urge her road,  
Bending beneath her armour's load,  
And able scarce to budge an inch,  
Curfing her mail at ev'ry pinch,  
With legs all bruised and buttocks flay'd,  
To roost upon her horse is laid;  
Whilst the fat Bonneau, pond'rous rider,  
Snores on a Norman hack beside her.  
Love full of fear with anxious eye  
Sees her set out, and heaves a sigh.  
Agnes was scarcely under way,  
When from a wood, which hard by lay,  
The sound of horses and of arms  
Issued, exciting dread alarms;  
The noise redoubles on her ear,  
When soldiers drest in red appear,  
And, to encrease the maid's disaster,  
Redcoats who call'd John Chandos master.

Cries



Cries one advancing quick, "Disclose,  
"Whom fight you for, or friends, or foes?"  
The artless fair replies at once,  
"Agnes my name, for love and France."  
At these two names, by Heav'n design'd  
To be inseparably join'd,  
Hands were upon the lovely maid,  
And on her fat attendant laid;  
Then to this Chandos they were borne,  
Who dreadful in his ire had sworn,  
That those free-booters who could dare  
To leave a hero's bottom bare,  
For his lost breeches and his steel  
The vengeance of his wrath should feel.  
When sleep withdraws his gentle sway,  
And gives our op'ning lids to day;  
What time the songsters of the grove  
Take up a-new their strains of love;  
When nature feels more vig'rous heat,  
And quicker all our pulses beat;

And



And to the mind each sense inspires  
Voluptuous wishes and desires :  
Chandos, 'twas then thy lovely prize  
Herself presented to thy eyes,  
More bright, more beauteous to behold,  
Than the sun drest in orient gold.  
What, Chandos, could thy feelings be,  
Awak'd, within thy pow'r to see  
Such beauty taken in the mainor,  
With breeches on that must arraign her ?  
Chandos with fiercest passion stung,  
Lascivious eyes upon her flung ;  
Whilst Agnes, almost dead with fear,  
Trembles like aspen-leaf to hear,  
The furious hero muttering still,  
“ I'll have my breeches back, I will.”  
First on the bed he makes her sit,  
And says, “ fair captive, quit, O quit  
“ This dress, these heavy arms resign,  
“ Ill suits their weight with limbs like thine.”



With ardent passion then on fire,  
 And hope inflaming fierce desire,  
 The helm he from her head unlac'd,  
 And cuirass which her bosom cas'd :  
 Agnes resists with lovely grace,  
 Whilst blushes overspread her face.  
 For, tho' the victor might controul  
 Her body, Charles was in her soul.  
 In such a crisis to be watch'd  
 Chandos dislik'd, so strait dispatch'd  
 Bonneau, to merit the new post  
 Of master Cook, and rule his roast.  
 For almond puddings he on fame  
 May justly challenge the first claim ;  
 And but for him, France ne'er had boasted  
 Eel pies, and legs of mutton roasted.  
 Alas ! cry'd Agnes, frighten'd, " what,  
 " Good my lord Chandos, are you at ?"  
 " By G—d, (each English hero swears)  
 " Some one, at hazard of his ears,

T

" A bloody



" A bloody injury to me, which ancient battles

" In darkness wrapt has done," says he.

" These my identical small cloaths

" I claim, should Satan interpose;

" For, wheresoever found be't known

" I'll make reprisal of my own."

This, in the humour he was in,

Was but to strip her to the skin :

Lo! the lost fair is in his arms,

Bathing in fruitless tears her charms ;

His force unable to prevent,

Yet crying still, " I'll not consent."

Just then a cry, to arms! to arms!

Was heard, replete with new alarms :

Whilst the loud trumpet mouth of death

Diffuses horror from its breath.

Joan waking searches all around,

Her armour's no where to be found ;

Gone is the helm, with plumes o'erspread,

The cuishes, and the cuirass fled.



Then sudden seizing the rude gear  
Of some rough trooper which lay near,  
She mounts her ass, and with loud hollow,  
Cries, "To revenge your country, follow."  
A hundred knights her steps attend,  
And common soldiers without end.  
Just in this very nick of time,  
Lourdis from Folly's genial clime  
Envoy extraordinary came post,  
Alighting 'midst the English host,  
Clad in impenetrable night,  
Invisible to mortal sight;  
And bearing on his ample back,  
Fruit of his voyage, a huge pack,  
Stor'd with the choice commodities,  
Which Folly's fertile soil supplies,  
The freight of which, in copious show'rs,  
Upon the English camp he pours;  
Treasures of thickest ignorance!  
Yet common all of them to France.

Thus



Thus from her ebon chariot's height  
The fable Majesty of Night  
Scatters her poppies o'er our eyes,  
And lulls us in the arms of lies.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.



THE  
MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE FOURTH CANTO.

Dunois and the Virago Joan,  
An army in themselves alone,  
The English enemy engage,  
Whilst death on all sides marks their rage:  
Of a strange castle next you hear,  
And what befel the warriors there.

**W**ERE I a King, I would be just  
In the discharge of such a trust,  
In peace my people to maintain,  
Whilst every moment of my reign  
By some new blessing should be known,  
To give a lustre to my crown.

U Or



Or if Controller of Finance,  
I from the treasury of France  
Would largely draw, that I might shed  
My bounties on the learned head ;  
For he earns dearly what he gains,  
Who reaps the labour of his brains.  
Or, metropolitan divine,  
Of Paris were the mitre mine,  
To bid opposing sects agree,  
The bus'ness of my life should be ;  
Enroll'd with Molinists my name,  
The savage Jansenist to tame ;  
But if to love it was my doom  
Some fair in youth and beauty's bloom,  
To her dear apron string still tied,  
I never would forsake her side,  
But ev'ry hour of ev'ry day  
On downy wing should steal away,  
And in variety's hot-bed,  
By ever teeming fancy bred,

For



For ev'ry moment of each hour  
 Joy should unfold a diff'rent flow'r,  
 Whose sweets should aid me to detain  
 The willing captive in my chain.  
 Ye happy lovers how severe  
 The parting pang! the absent tear!  
 Yet pleasing are the lover's pains,  
 But then what danger he sustains!  
 For ill advis'd, who stays away  
 From his lov'd mistress but a day,  
 Thrice risques, alas! in that short space,  
 To bear the cuckold's sad disgrace.  
 Scarce of his delicate repast  
 Had gallant Chandos 'gan to taste,  
 Than Joan from rank to rank is found;  
 Furious, and dealing death around;  
 With Deborah's redoubted lance  
 She Dildo kills, that foe to France.  
 Who Clervaux's treasury despoil'd;  
 And Fontevraux, thy nuns defil'd;

Then



Then Fonkinar, with a new sleight  
 Of her bold arm, she robs of sight;  
 The gallows long had been whose lot,  
 If his deservings he had got;  
 Native of bleak Hibernia's shore,  
 Dipp'd in the Shannon nine times o'er,  
 Yet for intrigue in every town  
 Of France three years his fame was known,  
 Where with success he love had made,  
 Not like a novice in the trade,  
 But one who from his earliest time  
 Had breath'd in Italy's soft clime  
 The genial love-inspiring breeze,  
 And taken regular degrees.  
 She next with a resistless blow  
 The Lord of Halifax lays low;  
 And Borax that, impertinent,  
 His kinsman after him is sent:  
 Then falls, his father who denied,  
 Base Midarblou, and by his side,



Foul Bartonay, whom incest led  
To violate a brother's bed.  
By her example all on fire,  
There's not a trooper, knight or 'squire,  
Ten men at least of Britain's host,  
To have dispatch'd who could not boast,  
Whilst in the van stalks giant Fear,  
And ghastly Death brings up the rear,  
As if some God's auxiliar might  
Was manifested in the fight.  
Amidst the armour's gleam and rattle,  
The hurly burly of the battle,  
Lourdis, as loud as he could bawl,  
Cried " Britons mark! and tremble all,  
" And learn betimes to be afraid  
" Of this fame wonder-working maid ;  
" 'Tis holy Denis arms her hand,  
" In vain her prowess you withstand :

X

"Ye



" Ye scum of Albion kneel I say,

" And ask her blessing while you may,"

The furious Talbot, in a bath

Of foam by his excess of wrath,

In the first transport of his ire

Seizes and binds the raving friar,

Who, notwithstanding he was tied,

Still with heroic firmness cried,

" A martyr I, heed what I say,

" A virgin she, and her's the day."

Man, of credulity the jest,

Soft clay too easily imprest ;

To all the stuff beneath the sun

How soon thy yielding faith is won !

O'er which the dreadful to prevail,

And marvellous can never fail.

Now the seiz'd monk's enthusiast roar

Avail'd to move the English more,

Than could the Amazon, and band

Of slaught'ring heroes, sword in hand.

That



That old instinctive disposition,  
Which makes us dupes to superstition ;  
Error with all its giddy train  
Of phantoms which infest the brain ;  
Cold fear from dark illusions bred,  
Had fairly turn'd each Briton's head ;  
Scarce known philosophy was then  
Amongst this hardy race of men ;  
The age of chivalry but few  
Creatures of that description knew ;  
A Gothic night conceal'd the blaze  
Of wisdom which illumines our days ;  
Chandos the brave, still unappall'd,  
Thus boldly to his foll'wers call'd,  
" Victors of France, and let that name  
" Re-kindle your heroic flame,  
" Shape to the right your conqu'ring way,  
" And change the fortune of the day."  
The word no sooner pass'd his mouth,  
Than contrary, as north to south,



To his command the squadron wheels,  
And take with curses to their heels.  
Thus on the fertile plains of old,  
Round which Euphrates' stream is roll'd,  
When human art presum'd to rise  
In mad attempts to reach the skies,  
Th' Almighty laughing at their labours,  
And disapproving of such neighbours,  
Into a hundred jargons threw  
The only language which they knew,  
So that to drink when one demanded,  
Mortar and brick another handed;  
Heav'n blasted their presumptuous pride,  
And forc'd this people to divide,  
O'er all the earth new seats to find,  
Leaving their foolish work behind.  
In Orleans soon the news is known  
Of this same fight without the town;  
Thither on rapid pinions Fame  
Flies, and proclaims the virgin's name.

Who's



Who's he but must th' impetuous glow  
Which marks the Gallic nation know ?  
Of honour full, these fools of France  
To battle rush, as to a dance ;  
Dunois, of bastards he the flow'r,  
Dunois in Greece who had of yore  
Been taken for another Mars,  
And worship'd as the God of wars.  
Trimouille, Saintrailles, and young La Hire,  
And Richmond breathing equal fire,  
Now from the walls are sallied out,  
Chacing the foe in fancied rout,  
And with joint shoutings stun the ear,  
“ Where are these English scoundrels, where ?”  
But to their cost they were not far,  
For Talbot skill'd i'th' trade of war,  
Posted commodious at his beck,  
Our sallies to surprise and check,  
Had near the gates of Orleans laid,  
Ten companies in ambuscade ;

Y

Great



Great Talbot long ago aloud,  
By love and by St. George had vow'd,  
That he would enter Orleans' gate,  
Or would to rot before it wait ;  
Two passions, swallow'ing all the rest,  
Divide the empire of his breast.  
Fat Lovet's consort, stately dame,  
For him felt more than friendship's flame ;  
And he by noble hope inspir'd,  
To storm the town and he rwas fir'd.  
Scarce mov'd our knights a hundred steps,  
Than Talbot from his ambush leaps :  
But, in extremes, the French collected,  
Were less alarm'd than was expected.  
Ye fields surrounding Orleans' wall,  
Illustrious theatre, tho' small,  
Of this encounter fought so roughly,  
And on each side maintain'd so toughly ;  
Your foil a century and more  
Was fertiliz'd with human gore :

Nor



Nor Zama's nor Pharfalia's field,  
A scene so full of blood could yield ;  
Nor on Malplaquet's fatal plain,  
Tho' cover'd with whole hosts of slain,  
Did such terrific fights combine  
War's face to crimson as on thine ;  
Spears bristled now like standing corn,  
Now of their tops like stubble shorn ;  
Horses and horsemen overthrown,  
But up again as soon as down ;  
The flashing steel's terrific gleam,  
Reflected by the solar beam ;  
And flight succeeding close to fear,  
And wild confusion ev'ry where ;  
Whilst thick as hops to strew the ground,  
Chins, noses, legs, and arms are found.  
Thron'd in Heav'n's empyreal height,  
The angels who preside o'er fight,  
Majestic Michael and two others,  
Warriors alike and chosen brothers,

With



With eyes bent earthward, of this fray  
So dread were taking a survey;  
Where mortal things above he weighs,  
Michael his balance then displays;  
From his nice hand the sep'rate fate  
Of France and England finds its weight;  
Oppos'd their heroes, those of France  
Are wanting found, Oh! dire mischance!  
Kicking the beam, whose lighter scale  
Leaves Talbot's destiny prevail:  
A judgment this as it turn'd out,  
And richly merited no doubt.  
Richmond, straight writhing with the smart  
Made by some heav'n-directed dart,  
Feels from his hip a length of wound,  
E'en to the buttock's farthest bound;  
The old Staintrilles above the knee  
Wounded you agonizing see;  
La Hire the beauteous, fate severe!  
Was wounded, but to mention where



I dread, but 'twas in such a part,  
That for his mistress bleeds my heart ;  
Trimouille till dooms-day would have stuck  
Fast in a bog, unless by luck  
An arm had broken been to save  
The hero from this shameful grave ;  
So that each hobbling warrior needs  
The hospital of Invalids.  
Thus were they punish'd for the crime  
Of mocking Denis on a time ;  
Heav'n when it wills, to suit its plan,  
Justice or mercy deals to man ;  
Take Quesnel's sentiments about it,  
And vouch'd so strongly, who can doubt it.  
The bastard now 'twas pleas'd to free  
From sharing in the penalty  
Denounc'd so heavily to fall  
Upon his scape-grace comrades all,  
Who off the field, on litters laid,  
Meanly provided were convey'd,

Z

Roaring



Roaring out curses on the pate  
Of Joan, and on their own sad fate ;  
Dunois, without a scratch that smarts,  
Like lightning on the English darts,  
Breaks through their ranks and lets in day,  
By lanes of death through their array,  
And gains the spot where rag'd the fight,  
And Joan put all to death, or flight.  
As when to terrify the swains,  
And waste the produce of the plains,  
Two torrents down the mountain's side,  
Precipitate their mingled tide ;  
So Joan and Dunois rush to fight,  
Consolidated in their might ;  
Such fury did the heroes shew,  
And chac'd so eagerly the foe,  
That distancing their party, they  
Long wander'd till they lost their way,  
And found themselves benighted, where  
No sound of friend or foe they hear.



They halt, and France for ever ! cry,  
But Echo only made reply.  
There in a wood by the moon's light,  
Whilst solemn silence hush'd the night;  
They go, come, turn, but to regain  
Their road alas ! they try in vain,  
Till, tir'd of searching, in despair  
They totally give up th' affair,  
Till like their horses long unfed,  
With toil and hunger almost dead,  
They curs'd their fortune, which supplied  
The victor's palm, but beds denied.  
Thus with her sails and rudder lost,  
A ship by winds and waves is tost.  
A certain dog then pass'd beside 'em,  
And seem'd expressly sent to guide 'em ;  
With friendly yelp his tail he shakes,  
And ev'ry sign of welcome makes,  
Before them runs with nose i'th' wind,  
And looks a hundred times behind,

And



And in his language seems to say,

“ This, this my masters is the way ;

“ Then follow and your steps I’ll bring.

“ To lodgings worthy of a king.”

Our heroes could not fail to guess

What all those signs meant to express ;

By hope inspir’d, so on they jog,

Trusting the convoy of the dog,

And as they went for France they pray’d,

And handsome compliments still paid

Each other, ever and anon

Their wonderful exploits upon ;

Spite of himself, still Dunois fly

Cast on the virgin a sheep’s eye ;

But well aware what near relation

The destiny of the whole nation

To that her hidden trinket bore ;

That, pluck’d this rose a day before

The year its perfect course had run,

France would for ever be undone ;

He



He nobly stifled as they rose  
Each base desire, that might oppose  
The end of Denis's great plan,  
And in the patriot quench'd the man ;  
When, from the badness of the road,  
Her ass of stumbling symptoms shew'd,  
With his right arm in time display'd,  
Officious Dunois held the maid ;  
Whilst with her left behind her cast,  
Joan, sweetly blinking, held him fast,  
So that their mouths would often meet  
Thus riding in encounter sweet,  
In nearer converse to transfuse  
Their patriot souls, and nothing lose.  
At dawn a beauteous palace, rear'd  
With snow white marble walls, appear'd ;  
A length of Dorick colonnade,  
Top'd with a porcelain balustrade,  
The grand balcony's weight sustain'd,  
Transparent Jasper richly vein'd.

A a

Our



Our pilgrims dazzled in amaze,  
Thought Heav'n was op'ning on their gaze.  
At the dog's bark the sudden sound  
Of twenty trumpets echoes round,  
And forty footmen they behold,  
Bedizen'd out in cloth of gold,  
Prompt with officious zeal to fly  
At the least motion of the eye.  
Politely two young ushers bend,  
Their introduction to attend ;  
Damsels then wait to lead the way,  
And to rich baths the guests convey,  
Where wash'd and wip'd, and cleanly shirted,  
They look'd as if they'd ne'er been dirted,  
And having at the eating work  
Play'd a most glorious knife and fork,  
On broider'd beds they all the day  
Stretch'd, and like heroes snor'd away.  
Of this imperial Inn the host  
No common origin could boast ;

For



For to those Genii, whose abode  
Is in the skies, his birth he ow'd,  
Who with our mortal oft' to blend  
Their high immortal condescend ;  
By such incarnate, of a Nun  
The Lord Conculix was the son,  
A necromancer fam'd was he,  
And worthy of his pedigree.  
When he had reach'd his fourteenth year,  
His fire descending from his sphere,  
Visits his son, and says " My lad,  
" I gave thee life, behold thy dad  
" Who comes to know his child's request,  
" 'Tis but to wish, and to be blest ;"  
With each voluptuous notion born  
Which might his noble line adorn,  
Conculix thus, with joy on fire,  
Bespeaks th' indulgence of his fire.  
" I feel myself of race divine,  
" For all desires in me combine,

" Then



" Then be each pleasure at my call,  
" And talents to enjoy them all ;  
" I would like man and woman love,  
" Alternately their passions prove,  
" By night a woman's, and by day  
" Furnish'd the part of man to play."

The Demon then, " what thou hast wanted

" Is thine, thy destiny is granted."

And from that hour the ribald creature

Feels properties of double nature.

Thus Plato, wisest of the wise,

Th' enlighten'd fav'rite of the skies,

Held that the founders of our line,

Kneaded of clay by hands divine,

Were in themselves all perfect fram'd,

And so Androgynous were nam'd,

As, from the sex commix'd, possessing

Capacity of ev'ry blessing.

But of an animal thus plann'd

Conculix had the upper hand ;



To self our pleasures to confine  
Is not the lot the most divine,  
To share our happiness the pow'r  
Of heav'nly origin has more ;  
But 'tis supremely to be blest  
To be of both in one possesst ;  
Enabled with as little labour  
To please one's self, as please one's neighbour.  
His courtiers, as the sex prevail'd,  
A god of love or goddess hail'd,  
And from all quarters to his bed  
Youths and spruce dowagers were led ;  
But to enhance his favour'd lot,  
Conculix fairly had forgot  
The most essential thing to crave,  
The first of boons which man can have ;  
The pow'r of pleasing, which alone  
Is ev'ry gift summ'd up in one ;  
For to this lecherous monster Heav'n  
The ugliness of hell had giv'n ;



No loves lay ambush'd in his eyes,  
To wound and conquer by surprize,  
In vain he lavish'd vast expence,  
And try'd each art to bribe the sense,  
Call'd dance and music to his aid,  
And ev'ry luxury display'd ;  
The lyre he touch'd alike in vain,  
No charm accompany'd the strain ;  
For when a gentleman, by day  
He on some fair one's bosom lay,  
Or when by night a lady, she  
Submitted to some debauchee ;  
Ev'n in the bud his joys were blighted,  
His flame unfelt and unrequited ;  
For all return'd his fond embrace  
With hate, repulses, and disgrace,  
A melancholy proof to shew  
That grandeur is not bliss below.  
And shall the meanest chambermaid  
Enfold her fond gallant? he said,

Each



Each dandy-prate cockaded boy  
A dutchess at the least enjoy?  
The monk, his order not preventing,  
Find in her cell the nun consenting?  
With ev'ry rare endowment blest,  
Of genius, wealth, and pow'r possess'd,  
Shall, in this sublunary round,  
The veriest wretch alive be found,  
To me alone that bliss denied,  
Enjoy'd by all the world beside?  
By the four elements he then  
Swore, that on all his fav'rite men,  
And maids, who should indifferent prove  
To his warm overtures of love,  
His swing of vengeance he would take,  
And horrible examples make.  
No monarch e'er before or since  
Receiv'd his guests more like a prince:  
Never did Saba's swarthy queen,  
Nor she of Amazonian mien,



Thalestris hight, to Persia led  
To share great Alexander's bed,  
Return beneath so rich a load  
Of gifts, as those which he bestow'd  
On the choice objects of his flame,  
Knight errant, batchelor, or dame.  
But he unhappy, who should chance,  
Restiff, to want due complaisance,  
Or should the least resistance give,  
Was sure to be impal'd alive.  
Conculix now at close of day  
Feeling the female gender's sway,  
Four pages to the bastard's ear  
Instructs her compliments to bear,  
Begging his company to eat  
A bit in private, *tete a tete*.  
What time that Joan in public fate,  
And supp'd in all the forms of state,  
The beauteous Dunois, breathing sweets,  
The flatt'ring assignation meets,

Whose



Whose lov'd approach the fair one waits,  
Her board deck'd out with choicest cates,  
Such as of old th' Egyptian queen,  
Sister of Ptolomy, was seen,  
That wanton epicure of woman,  
To offer her voluptuous Roman,  
The gallant Anthony, or Cæsar,  
From heroes sunk to sots to please her;  
Such with a monk the costly fare  
My fortune it has been to share,  
From his gross brotherhood when he  
Clervaux' shorn king was call'd to be;  
Or such as poets feign'd that Jove,  
In the immortal bow'rs above,  
Was wont luxurious to provide,  
When stealing from his consort's side,  
With Semele, Europa, Isis,  
Or Danae, on what most nice is,  
He was inclin'd beneath the rose  
To sup, and fuddle his old nose.



The feast in elegant display  
Euphrosyne and Sisters lay,  
Titled on high the Graces, dames  
Known to our pedants but by names;  
Celestial cup-bearers, by turns  
Administer the nectar'd urns;  
Hebe, and the soft Trojan boy,  
To be the thund'ers secret joy,  
And fill his arms, to Ida's brow  
Snatch'd by his eagle from below;  
Our gallants in like manner then  
Supp'd, 'twixt the hours of nine and ten.  
My lady, prodigal of dress  
Had been, solicitous to bleis;  
A load of sparkling diamonds shone  
About her head and weigh'd it down;  
Rubies and rows of pearl were wound  
Her yellow neck and arms around,  
Which thus contrasted made her more  
Loathsome and ugly than before;

She,



She, with her passion all on fire,  
Presses the bastard to retire,  
At which, so much was he put to't,  
He shook for once from head to foot.  
Dunois, of knights esteem'd to be  
The very pink of courtesy,  
Could do no less than be polite,  
His civil hostess to requite;  
"Now if," said he, "my complaisance  
(Viewing her ugliness askance,)  
"Could stretch up to her wish to treat her,  
"How much the honour would be greater.  
"An honour he was not to boast,  
"Reck'ning alas! without his host;  
"But his disaster might befall,  
"The doughtiest hero of us all,  
"For where's the courage will not flinch  
"Sometimes, and fail us at a pinch?"  
Conculix mark'd his rueful face,  
And felt compassion for his case;



For she was flatter'd not a little  
By his great efforts, ev'ry tittle  
Of which was brought into account,  
Tho' not a cypher in amount,  
And for the first time, was agreed  
The will to construe for the deed.  
" Tomorrow a fresh chance I'll lend you",  
Says she, " and better luck attend you ;  
" Then whilst you this indulgence share,  
" To serve me better, fir, prepare."  
Now had the harbinger of light  
Usher'd the day to mortal fight,  
When in his turn, Conculix 'gan  
To feel th' ascendant of the man,  
With a new passion strait he glows,  
And to the virgin's bed he goes,  
Her curtain draws, and rudely free,  
Without the least apology  
The wild unbridled hand of lust  
Into her bosom dares to thrust,

And



And, with indelicate salute  
 Pressing her lips, the horrid brute  
 Prepares all furious to invade  
 The heav'nly virtue of the maid ;  
 Whilst agitated by the storm,  
 Deformity grows more deform.  
 But the bold heroine, endued  
 With Christian rage and fortitude,  
 A furious blow from her clench'd fist  
 Stunning the monster's face dismiss.  
 Thus in my pastures, high in blood,  
 As full of metal as of blood,  
 I've seen a mare, of all my breed  
 The flow'r, for colour as for speed,  
 With kick disdainfully reprove,  
 An ass's mean presumptuous love,  
 Who to her tail enamour'd sticks,  
 His ears in fancy'd rapture pricks,  
 And, with a vulgar ardor presses  
 His rude importunate addresses.



I ween the Amazon in this,  
Tho' self defence, behav'd amiss.  
Still happy to take virtue's part,  
I have her interest much at heart,  
Yet hospitality in me  
A ready advocate shall see ;  
Her rights should always be protected,  
And hosts at least should be respected :  
But when a prince, a genius too,  
A mortal condescends to woo,  
And panting for her lip appears,  
Ill manners 'twere to box his ears.  
Ugly as was Conculix mien,  
A fair so bold he ne'er had seen ;  
Who with such insolence could treat him,  
And in his very palace beat him.  
His cries the neighbourhood alarms,  
And all his court is up in arms ;  
Guards, pages, lacquies, fiends attend  
His orders, and submissive bend,

And



And now a whisper to his ears  
Some forward busy body bears  
Infidious, that the haughty maid  
For Denis more respect betray'd.  
Oh! slander, serpent ever found  
In courts to spread thy venom round,  
Engend'ring where it falls supplies  
Of dark reports and hellish lies;  
Nor with Conculix less prevails  
Thy blasting hiss than at Versailles,  
Our tyrant doubly ontrag'd flies  
To his revenge, and furious cries,  
"I here pronounce the stern decree,  
"Impal'd let the offenders be."  
His myrmidons without delay  
Prepare his orders to obey,  
And hurry to a fatal doom  
Their country's glory in their bloom  
The bastard first, in beauty's pride,  
To feel the pointed pale is tied;

Then



Then Joan the impious ruffians take,  
And drag her to the fatal stake :  
There, for her charms and ill tim'd blow,  
A horrid death to undergo ;  
E'en of her shift, most shameful ! stripp'd,  
And by the cruel beadle whipp'd ;  
The fair Virago is submitted  
To the impalers to be spitted.  
Dunois, with nothing to attend  
In this world but his latter end,  
All resignation to his fate,  
In this his day, ere 'twas too late,  
To heav'n devoutly looking, strove  
By pray'r to make his peace above ;  
Yet such a stern commanding look,  
His executioners which shook,  
He ever and anon would cast,  
Which spoke the hero to the last :  
But, soon as Dunois turn'd to see  
Th' avenger of the Fleurs de lys



Ready like him to be impal'd,  
He fortune's ficklenefs bewail'd ;  
Then of her charms a survey taking,  
And preparations which were making,  
With tears his manly cheeks were stain'd,  
Which but for her had dry remain'd.  
As feeling and as firm the maid,  
Of death, of fortune not afraid,  
The bastard languishly ey'd ;  
For whom alone ſhe felt and figh'd ;  
Their youth, their beauty, thus undreſt,  
Rous'd all that lurk'd within the breaſt  
Of paſſion, which, till then conceal'd,  
This ſad extremity reveal'd.  
And yet the ſtrange hermaphrodite,  
His jealousy increas'd by ſpite,  
Gave to his men the harſh command,  
To ſpit the traitors out of hand.  
Juſt then was heard a voice, like thunder  
Rending the elements aſunder,



To cry, "Forbear, suspend their lot,  
"I charge you stop, impale them not."  
The executioners, to hear  
The prohibition, start with fear,  
And sending out th' enquiring eye,  
Beneath the archway they espy  
A well-fed priest, Franciscan drest,  
In Grisbourdon's known form confest.  
As in the forest when a hound  
Has, with sagacious nostril, found  
Some stag's fresh odour, and inhales  
The strong effluvia from the gales,  
The game unseen he swift pursues,  
Led only by the tainted dews,  
O'er hedge and ditch his course he takes,  
Skims o'er the heath and thrids the brakes,  
To one devoted spot confin'd,  
Leaving th' unnotic'd herd behind:  
Thus, on the muleteer's broad back,  
St. Francis' son pursues the track



Of Joan untir'd, without a stop,  
Nor wishes once the chace to drop.  
The monk then to Conculix cried,  
" By Satan and the Stygian tide,  
" That Incubus from whence thou'rt sprung,  
" And by the Psalms thy mother sung,  
" I thee adjure the maid to give  
" Back to my vows, and let her live ;  
" Listen, nor bar th' unpitying ear,  
" For both the ransom, lo! I bear :  
" And if so great is their offence,  
" That with their doom thou can't dispene,  
" Be all their treason on my head,  
" And let me suffer in their stead ;  
" My fame no panegyrick needs,  
" Who has not heard of my great deeds ?  
" This mule, illustrious creature, see,  
" So worthy to be crost by me,  
" Let thy acceptance make him thine,  
" For thee was form'd the gift divine ;

" And



“ And then with grateful rapture tell,

“ No mule and monk were match’d so well.

“ But first thy troops profane discharge,

“ And let the pris’ners be at large.”

Joan these proposals heard with dread,

And trembled for her maidenhead ;

Her thoughts of love and glory were

To her than life itself more dear :

Grace too, of heav’nly gifts the best,

Warr’d ev’n with Dunois in her breast,

She wept, and her imploring eyes

With fervor lifted to the skies,

Whilst of her nakedness to think,

Shame cover’d o’er her face with pink ;

Then would she close her forr’wing lid,

And fondly hop’d that all was hid.

Cry’d virtuous Dunois, desp’rate grown,

“ What shall the beauties of my Joan

“ This cloyster’d gallows bird enjoy,

“ And all my country’s hopes destroy.

Whilst



" Alas! this impious conj'ror's skill  
 " Makes all things truckle to his will,  
 " Whilst I, till now, within my breast  
 " My flame discreetly have suppress'd."  
 The Cordelier's strong eloquence  
 So won upon the monster's sense,  
 That to the terms thus rarely pleaded  
 Conculix eagerly acceded;  
 " This night," says he, " I claim my due,  
 " My call then wait your mule and you:  
 " The criminals, on which condition,  
 " Surrender'd are to your petition."  
 The monk with Jacob's staff was blest,  
 The seal of Solomon possess'd;  
 Possess'd the wand of magick pow'r  
 Which Pharaoh's forc'ers us'd of yore,  
 The broom which Saul's old toothless hag  
 Riding to Endor made her nag;  
 Where, to that silly prince's eyes,  
 She caus'd the royal dead to rise:



To him, with such rare treasures stock'd,

Magick's arcana were unlock'd.

A circle made, some dust he took,

Which on the beast behind he shook,

Then, in the dialect of hell,

He mutter'd Zoroaster's spell.

When strange to feel mysterious powr's!

Our mule, no longer on all fours,

To stand on two erect is found,

His oblong head transform'd to round;

His coarse black mane soft hair appears,

Contracted is his length of ears:

Thus was that king of elder times

By Heav'n, for his enormous crimes,

Condemn'd sev'n tedious years to pass,

And like an ox to feed on grass,

And then permitted to recover

His pristine form, his penance over,

When he, as true as 'tis amazing,

Was no ways mended by his grazing.

From



From the pure saphire of the sky, Good Denis with a parent's eye  
Beheld Joan's woeful case, and down  
To her assistance would have flown,  
But that the faint himself, ev'n he,  
Was from embarrassment not free,  
Who by his late exploit was near  
Taking the wrong sow by the ear :  
For George, of Englishmen the saint,  
Of master Denis made complaint,  
That without notice, or command,  
Against the Britons underhand  
He war had stir'd, and seem'd to shew  
Himself implacably their foe.  
The faints, with ev'ry thing to nettle  
Their tempers, and call forth their mettle,  
Soon to high words all furious came,  
Ready to blow into a flame.  
Somewhat in faints of English ground  
Still harsh and insular is found.



And now high time it is, and fit,  
 That I should think of drawing bit,  
 My strength and spirits to renew,  
 So long a journey to pursue,  
 Nor run myself thus out of wind,  
 Having to travel much behind,  
 Which I must lead my readers through,  
 Th' event of this affair to shew,  
 What Joan achiev'd, and what befell,  
 On Earth, in Heaven, and in Hell.

That without notice, or command,

Against the Britons underhand

He war had kind, and seem'd to shew

Himself implicitly their foe,

The faints, with every thing to settle

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

Soon to high words all furious came,

Ready to blow into a flame.

Somewhat in faints of English ground

Still harsh and insular is found.



THE  
MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE FIFTH CANTO.

For his attempt to ravish Joan,  
The Monk is into Limbo thrown,  
Who, at the pressing suit of hell,  
His story is induc'd to tell.

MY friends, good Christians be, for man  
To follow 'tis the only plan;  
To which, my honest word take for't,  
Sooner or later, all resort.  
With the deprav'd, of precious time  
Neglectful, I consum'd my prime!

G g A d i c T



A dissipated set were they,  
To their vile appetites a prey :  
At dance, or masque, or play for ever,  
But in a place of worship never ;  
At taverns still engag'd to sup,  
With wine and whores to keep it up ;  
And of God's ministers, oh shame !  
Delighted always to make game.  
What follows?—death, grim death is seen,  
With his flat nose and faulchion keen,  
To pay, most unexpected guest !  
A visit to these sons of jest :  
Usher of fate, of stygian race,  
Fever, with wild disorder'd pace,  
All ardent, is dispatch'd before,  
T' announce the strange at the door.  
The Fiend is felt in ev'ry vein,  
And bears his message to the brain ;  
Whilst to remind them of their fate  
The nurse and notary await,

With



With, "Sir, be quick, your end is near,  
" And you a dead man are, I fear;  
" Where would you wish to be interr'd?  
" If there should be a spot preferr'd."  
Then, with the rattle in the throat,  
Their dying moments they devote.  
To penitence, as late as faint,  
Whilst each invokes his fav'rite saint;  
Saint Roch, Saint Mitouche, and Saint Martin,  
His feeble efforts to take part in:  
In vain they sing, and Latin brawl;  
In vain alas! to sprinkling fall:  
Their psalmody, their Latin fails,  
And holy water nought avails.  
At the bed's foot, upon the watch,  
The devil squats, the soul to catch  
With out-stretch'd claws, as from the clay  
Escap'd the captive wings its way,  
And bears it to the depth of hell;  
Where, fit abode, such spirits dwell.



Now gentle reader, let me say,  
How Hell's grim monarch on a day  
Was pleas'd, throughout his dark domain,  
His vassals all to entertain,  
And, toil remitting, bade them know  
A glorious holiday below :  
A day on which they had to boast  
Vast reinforcement of their host.  
A certain pope, amongst the rest,  
In robe pontifical confest ;  
A cardinal, and northern king,  
And fourteen canons in a string ;  
Three rich intendants swell the corps,  
Two counsellors, and monks a score,  
Fresh hurl'd from realms above who came,  
Fit food for the eternal flame.  
To welcome whom the devils fill'd,  
And bumper after bumper swill'd.  
The black horn'd monarch sat all glee,  
His peers around him, this to see ;

Infernal



Infernal nectar then they quaff'd,  
Sung jolly songs, and jok'd and laugh'd,  
Till, at the door, a cry they hear  
Of, "Sir, your servant, are you there?"

"Great emissary! is it you,

"Our trusty Grisbourdon, we view?

"Walk in, no ceremony pray,

"To warm yourself, and don't say nay."

Then hugg'd, and kiss'd, and so caress'd,

By ev'ry flatt'ring name address'd,

Of father, honest Grisbourdon,

Hell's own apostle, Satan's son!

He in a twinkling was convey'd

To where the gala was display'd.

Him Satan rising hails, "Hell-born

"And bred, thy function to adorn!

"Cut off, untimely in thy bloom,

"So soon I wish'd not for thy doom;

"For, to promote my darling plan

"On earth, thou wert my right-hand man;

H h

"For



“ For who contributed so well  
“ As thee to stock our realms of hell ?  
“ France, copious seminary ! see  
“ Is now my own, and all by thee ;  
“ At sight of thee my hope is gone ;  
“ But yet the will of fate be done :  
“ Then welcome to partake our treat,  
“ And on my right assume thy seat.”

The monk a sacred horror feels,  
To kiss his master's feet, and kneels ;  
Then o'er th' extent of burning vast  
His melancholy eye is cast,  
Of fire unquenchable the reign,  
Where sin, and death, and tort'ring pain,  
The natives of this horrid deep,  
Their everlasting vigils keep ;  
Throne for the unclean spirit fit,  
Unfathom'd, world-ingulphing pit !  
The sepulchre of antient lore,  
Wit, beauty, love, and grace, and pow'r,

Immortal



Immortal, numberless supplies  
Of creatures fashion'd for the skies,  
But who their heritage of light  
Had forfeited for endless night.  
Know, in this fiery lake of Styx,  
The best of Kings with tyrants mix;  
Aurelius, Antonine, has place  
With Trajan in this woeful place;  
There the delight of human kind,  
Titus the amiable, we find;  
There the two Catos, vice's scourge,  
Are tossing on the fiery surge;  
Of continence that pattern too  
Scipio, the great self-conq'ror, who  
Shines foremost in the lists of fame,  
Who, more than Carthage, love o'ercame;  
There philosophic Plato's fry'd,  
And godlike Homer by his side;  
And Tully, from whose mouth distill'd  
The sweetest eloquence, is grill'd;

There



There Socrates, on whose blest head  
Her lavish treasures Wisdom shed,  
Who sure in heathen Greece might claim  
The title to a Martyr's name;  
The upright Aristides there,  
And Solon, virtue's boast, appear;  
All to damnation sent a packing,  
For their confessors' passports lacking.  
But what amaz'd the Friar most  
Was, as he travers'd all the host,  
In this great cauldron to behold  
Your quondam Saints and Kings of old,  
Whose names had grac'd th' historian's page,  
And deck'd the legendary age:  
My reader well surpriz'd may be  
Clovis amongst the first to see,  
And wonder how so great a king,  
Who led his people in a string  
To heav'n, should miss of that salvation  
Which he had furnish'd for his nation.



To burn with heathens who'd have thought  
 That christian Clovis had been brought?  
 But take this with thee, reader, still,  
 That, wash the body as we will,  
 No holy lotion will suffice  
 To purge the stains of inbred vice:  
 Now bloody Clovis had a mind  
 Sully'd with crimes of ev'ry kind;  
 Nor could St. Remy's sacred bowl  
 Cleanse the foul gangrene of his soul.

Amongst the great ones seen around,  
 All buried in this night profound,  
 What was the Cordelier's surprize,  
 On Constantine to cast his eyes!  
 Oh Fate! Oh rigorous decree!  
 "Can I believe my sight," says he?  
 "What, he who to the church gave birth,  
 "And routed the false gods from earth?"



Is he descended here to dwell

With those he put to rout in hell?

The Emp'ror then sad silence broke,

And dolefully the Monk bespoke :

" 'Tis true that idols I o'ertum'd,

" And all their gorgeous temples burn'd,

" Bidding the smoking ruins rise

" In lavish incense to the skies;

" But all the seeming zeal I knew

" Had nothing but myself in view,

" God's altar rev'rencing alone

" But as the footstool to my throne.

" Pride, pleasure, rage without controul,

" Were the sole gods that claim'd my soul :

" Veil'd in hypocrisy, to those

" I sacrific'd and paid my vows :

" With Christians leagu'd but as their name

" Serv'd me to play a surer game,

" I wanton'd with their lives and gold,

" My rank, my fortune to uphold :

" Whilst,



“ Whilst, to preserve what thus I gain’d,  
“ My hand with parricide I stain’d,  
“ And plung’d in pleasures and in blood  
“ Still deeper, in a frantick mood,  
“ By furious passion led away,  
“ To secret jealousy a prey,  
“ Weak and unnatural, of life  
“ I then depriv’d my son and wife.  
“ Nor wonder, Grisbourdon, to see  
“ That Constantine is damn’d like thee.”

The more survey’d this realm of fires,  
The more the wond’ring Monk admires:  
Great preachers ev’ry where he sees,  
Rich prelates, and of all degrees,  
Of casuists, doctors, a vast train,  
Italian nuns, and monks of Spain;  
To catch his eye assembled there  
The confessors of monarchs were,



And those who all our beauties shriv'd,  
Who had their heav'n whilst they liv'd.  
A priest, with frock half black, half white,  
In corner sullen struck his sight;  
Hair, in a bowl-dish cut, he wears,  
Quite close and rounded to his ears:  
This creature pied, the Cordelier  
Regarding with malicious sneer,  
Says to himself, "Yon' thing I see  
" Sure a Dominican must be;"  
Which tempts him sudden to exclaim,  
" You, Mr. Pyebald, what's your name?"  
" Alas!" returns the mournful shade,  
" 'Tis Dominick, a faint by trade."  
At mention of a name so great,  
You might have seen the Monk retreat,  
And cross himself; nor could he credit  
The thing, although the faint had said it.  
" What! sentenc'd to the depth of hell,  
" And to inhabit this dark cell,

" Can



"Can, like a Heretic," says he,  
"A Saint, Apostle, Doctor, be?  
"You, of the faith a zealous teacher,  
"A man of God! a gospel preacher!  
"You found in this infernal place?  
"Sure there is some defect in grace.  
"Poor mortals! what is your mistake,  
"When litanies to saints you make!"  
Our Spaniard clad in habit pied,  
Then thus with doleful voice replied:  
"Of mortal vanities no more  
"Think we, the world for us is o'er.  
"Of human errors why this fuss?  
"Of import what are they to us?  
"Here to be tortur'd is our lot,  
"And canoniz'd where we are not;  
"The saint most popular on earth,  
"In hell has often a hot birth;

K k

" To



" Whilst he for ever lives in heav'n  
" To Satan whom the world had giv'n.  
" In the black catalogue behold  
" Justly my bloody name enroll'd  
" For that a persecutor I  
" The Albigenes caus'd to die,  
" With rage unworthy my employ;  
" Which surely was not to destroy :  
" So now I suffer in my turn,  
" Destin'd, for having burnt, to burn."

If, reader, with an iron tongue,  
Of speech untir'd, my mouth was hung,  
It would exhaust it's pow'rs to tell  
The number of the faints in hell,  
When the roast cohort of the damn'd  
Their guest with compliments had cram'd,  
And had to great St. Francis' son  
Of their sad realm the honours done,  
By curiosity inflam'd,  
All in one common voice exclaim'd,

" Dear



“ Dear Grisbourdon, relate, relate,  
“ The cause of thy untimely fate;  
“ Say to what accident we owe  
“ That thy stern soul is here below?  
“ Then sirs,” says he, “ without delay,  
“ At your entreaty I obey,  
“ My strange adventure to declare:  
“ But should it chance to make you stare,  
“ Charge not imposture on my head;  
“ We give o’er lying, when we’re dead:  
“ Of your Apostle ’twas my boast  
“ On earth, you know, to fill the post;  
“ Where, zealous to enhance my own,  
“ That of the froek, and your renown,  
“ A gallant feat I brought about,  
“ Such as, his convent’s pale without,  
“ No monk before me, I believe,  
“ Had ever spirit to atchieve.  
“ That animal without his peer,  
“ Illustrious wight! my muleteer,

Of



" Of rare endowments I worthy he deemed  
 " To be a rival e'en to me  
 " He, in his duty ever warm,  
 " Pleasing Conculix to a charm,  
 " Had the delightful consolation  
 " Far to surpass her expectation;  
 " I too had, (not for me to brag)  
 " Lavish'd my ardor on the hag;  
 " Who, ravish'd with the well-urg'd deed,  
 " Gave Joan up to us as agreed:  
 " And now the rebel maid I prest  
 " Averse and struggling to my breast;  
 " Who, maugre all her strong opposing,  
 " Her maidenhead was almost losing.  
 " The Muleteer abetted me,  
 " Conculix sneering by to see.  
 " But will you give me credit pray  
 " For what I'm now about to say?  
 " The sky abroad was seen to rend,  
 " And, fatal wonder I to descend



" From Heav'n, where neither you nor I  
" Shall ever go, good reason why,  
" Was seen the animal who bears  
" A length remarkable of ears,  
" He who of old to Balaam spoke  
" To reprehend the prophet's stroke ;  
" A dreadful ass ! of velvet rich  
" His saddle was, on bow of which  
" A two-edg'd sabre, keen and bright,  
" Cast a tremendous gleam of light ;  
" A wing from either shoulder grew,  
" Swifter than winds with which he flew.  
" Then cried aloud the straggling lass,  
" Thanks be to Heav'n, for here's my ass.  
" Which exclamation strange to hear  
" My very blood ran cold with fear.  
" His suppliant knees the creature bends,  
" Erects his tail, and neck extends,  
" As if to Dunois he would say,  
" Mount, mount me, noble hero, pray.



" The hero mounts, and to the skies  
 " Above our heads the creature flies :  
 " Dunois with sword display'd I see,  
 " Hov'ring to make a stoop at me.  
 " Thus, mighty sov'reign, as 'tis said,  
 " When indiscreetly thou wert led  
 " Against th' eternal thund'rer's might  
 " To raise rebellious war, and fight,  
 " Saint Michael darted from the sky,  
 " Avenger dread of the Most High.

" In this extreme, my life to save,  
 " To magick art recourse I have.  
 " From the strong Cordelier I took  
 " The thick black eye-brow and stern look,  
 " And in their stead assum'd the mien,  
 " The charming freshness of fifteen.  
 " Loose play'd about my bosom fair  
 " The ringlets of my flaxen hair,

I

" Whilst



“ Whilst the thin veil of gauze betray’d  
“ The full-blown ripeness of the maid.  
“ Practis’d in ev’ry female wile,  
“ Or when to ogle, or to smile,  
“ I taught the countenance and eyes  
“ To undergo the best disguise ;  
“ Yet such simplicity display,  
“ As still engages to betray :  
“ But, through the varnish of the whole,  
“ The air voluptuous often stole,  
“ Enough to warm the hermit cool,  
“ Make the philosopher a fool,  
“ And melt the most obdurate heart ;  
“ What cannot beauty leagu’d with art ?  
    Resistless pow’r ! for lo ! the knight  
“ Was all enchanted at the sight.  
“ Now shudd’ring at the brink of death,  
“ His arm invincible beneath,  
“ Which the terrifick blade but now  
“ Had rais’d, to give the fatal blow,

“ And



“ And half way down was fall’n again,  
“ I felt already cleft in twain,  
“ Dunois is mov’d and stops, suspending  
“ The purpose of his arm descending.  
“ Who erst Medusa’s head espy’d  
“ Was in an instant petrified :  
“ How diff’rent Dunois’ change, who felt  
“ At ev’ry look his soul to melt.  
“ To see him thus dispos’d to feel,  
“ To see his hand let fall the steel ;  
“ To see each softer passion move  
“ The hero thus dissolv’d in love,  
“ Who had not thought the vict’ry gain’d ?  
“ But ah ! behind the worst remain’d !

“ The Muleteer, who to his breast  
“ Joan’s Amazonian beauties prest,  
“ Soon as he view’d my softer charms,  
“ Strait a new flame his bosom warms.

“ My



- " I never dreamt, with taste so fine,  
" That he could lust for charms like mine;  
" Nor with inconstancy suspected  
" So coarse a soul could be infected:  
" Joan sunk from his relax'd embrace,  
" And of her beauties mine took place.  
" Scarce was at liberty the maid,  
" Than she beheld the shining blade,  
" From his loose grasp by Dunois dropp'd,  
" When sudden love his purpose stop'd;  
" Which, with her right hand seizing, she,  
" That fatal instant when to me  
" From the proud maid the faithless clown  
" On wings of new desire had flown,  
" Up-heav'd, and with a back-hand-blow  
" The chine dividing, cut me through.  
" And since no news has reach'd my ear  
" Of cruel Joan, or Muleteer,  
" Or what to Dunois came to pass,  
" Or to Conculix, or the ass.



"Curfes upon them! may they be  
 "I never die!"

"A hundred times impal'd for me!  
 "That he could!"

"May Heavn's juft vengeance on them fall,  
 "Not!"

"And Hell, to please me, take them all."  
 "So!"

The Monk thus in a paffion fpoke,  
 "John!"

And all Hell chuckled at the joke.  
 "And!"

END OF THE FIFTH CANTO.



